

HELLRAISER

A screenplay

by

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1 TITLE SEQUENCE

In darkness, a blood-curdling cacophony: the squeal of uncoiled winches, the rasp of razors being sharpened; and worse, the howls and shrieks of tormented souls. Above this din, one particular victim yells for mercy - a mixture of tears and roars of rage. By degrees his incoherent pleas are drowned out by the surrounding tumult, until without warning his voice pierces the confusion afresh - this time reduced to a naked scream.

And with that scream, an image appears: a view down the hallway to the front door of the house in which much of this film will take place: Number 55, Lodovico Street. It is a three-storey late Victorian house, which has been left to run to seed. Now, as the titles run, we are presented with a series of views of the interior. The Dining Room, the Kitchen, the Stairway; now the upper landing. The rooms are almost empty, but for a few items that belonged to a previous owner. Some broken furniture; a small plaster statue of a saint, bestowing his blessings on dirt and emptiness; a pile of bills and circulars, never opened. On everything; dust lies like a blanket.

And throughout this room by room exploration, the din goes on.

Indeed it gets louder as we approach the stairs, and louder still as we prowl the upper landing.

The titles are drawing to an end now. We are moving towards a room on the landing, the door of which is ajar. The light within swings backwards and forwards. The light that spills onto the landing dances.

As we reach the door, the screams from within halt. The roars lose their vehemence; the winches are stilled.

We can hear a bell now, which has been tolling steadily behind the cacophony. Its peals are steady; funereal

The titles end.

2 INT. TORTURE ROOM NIGHT

The bare bulbs in the centre of the room swing violently, disorienting us. We can see very little, but what we glimpse is distressing. There's blood on the floor and walls. There are looped chains, with nameless instruments - sadean variations on drills, scalpels and pincers - depending from them. Other chains (and there are many hanging from the ceiling) end in cruel hooks, some serrated. Shreds of bloodied skin and sinew hang from them. Whatever activities happened here, they ceased only moments ago.

On the floor, a box, some six inches square, which resembles an elaborate Chinese puzzle. Later we will learn its name and function. The box is called the Lament' Configuration. And it's a way to raise hell. Literally. For now, it remains an enigma.

A hand - profoundly scarred, with its flesh punctured in a dozen places by hooks - reaches down and picks the box up.

In close up, we see just how elaborate a construction it is, made up of sliding panels and mysterious chambers. It is open, its polished innards exposed. Out of it, a banal much decoarted tune, played on a hidden mechanism. The hands, which belong to one of the demons - a CENOBITE - move over the box.

CENOBITE

(off camera)

It's finished ...

Delicately, the hands begin to reconstruct the box, sliding the well-oiled parts back into place, the tune simplifying with each manoeuvre.

The reconstruction of the box seems to be affecting the room. The chains are withdrawn into darkness. The roars dwindle entirely.

We see tantalizing glimpses of other figures in the room, turning away from the light and fading into the walls. We catch sight of monstrous faces, with yellow-slitted eyes and teeth sharpened to needle points. The briefest of glimpses. Then they're gone.

The box is almost returned to its unopened condition: its black lacquered sides gleam.

The last sounds to disappear are the tune in the box, and the bell.

It tolls on, mournfully. The final panel of the box is being slid into place.

The light has stopped swinging. The panel clicks. The tune stops.

At last, a long shot of the room. At the far end the window is covered with yellowed newspaper. There is dust settling in the air.

We see the last CENOBITE, dressed in plainest black, his hair to the middle of his back, take the box, and disappear into the shadows.

The bell fades.

It's as if nothing ever happened here.

Except ...

Somewhere, very quietly, somebody sobs.

3 INT. HALLWAY DAY

A repeat of the first set-up; down the hallway to the front door. Outside, bright sunlight, which shines through the glass panels of the door. We hear voices from the step. Then shadows fall across the glass. A key is put into the lock.

RORY

(outside)

It's one of these ...

He's trying several keys on the ring. And failing

JULIA
(irritable)
Are you sure?

RORY
Give me a minute, will you?

He tries another key.

RORY
Ah!

The key turns in the lock.

RORY
Voila!

The door swings open. Dust dances in the sunlight. On the doorstep, RORY and JULIA.

RORY
After you.

JULIA steps over the threshold. She's in her late twenties, a beautiful woman whose face holds a barely buried sourness. Her clothes, though light as befits an August day, are meticulously chosen to flatter.

RORY looks to be a year or two her senior; a well-meaning but unadventurous individual whose boyish enthusiasm was once irresistible; but is so no longer. He still relies upon its potency however, with diminishing returns.

This is a marriage close to dissolution, and the house is a last desperate attempt to find a common goal that will keep them together: Not that either would ever admit to that.

JULIA
It smells damp.

RORY
It's just been empty a while.

RORY closes the door, and leads JULIA through to the Dining Room. She follows, clearly unimpressed, while he does his best to 'sell' her on the place.

RORY
It's bigger than Alexandra Road.
We can have parties.

JULIA
(unconvinced)
Um.

RORY
Start to live a little.

JULIA puts her head into the kitchen.

JULIA
And it's yours?

RORY
Mine and Frank's.
It was willed to the both of us.

JULIA
So suppose we move in,
then he wants his half?

RORY
Doubt it.

JULIA
Thought you said he'd been here.

RORY
For a few days, last summer.
That's all. He doesn't give a
toss for the place. You know Frank -

JULIA has her back to RORY as they speak of FRANK. Her face is a maze of contradictory thoughts; her eyes full of some buried grief.

RORY
How often have we seen him in
the last six years?
Once since the wedding ...

JULIA

He might change his mind.

RORY

All right; I'll buy him out.
He's always hard up for cash.
It's no problem, babe.

She turns to him. The grief is disguised. She has decided to make the best of this. She offers a wan smile.

RORY

What do you think? (he moves to her; puts his arms around her)
The old place is too small. We need some privacy.
That's all it is.

JULIA

It's going to take some work.

RORY

We can make it like heaven, doll.
I know we can.

He scans her face, looking for some optimism there.

RORY

Trust me.

She nods.

JULIA

When do we start?

RORY

I spoke to M.B. yesterday.
We can have the van a week
Sunday -

4 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

Sunlight darts between the newspapers on the window.
Outside, a bell is ringing. The Sunday call to worship.
Something scratches in the wall.

5 EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE DAY

The bell is louder still.

In the street, a somewhat world-weary van, its back doors wide. On the pavement, boxes of belongings.

The young men, LEWTON and M.B. are helping with the move. As we watch, they carry boxes up to the doorstep. RORY is doing the same.

LEWTON
(to Rory)

How many more trips do you reckon?

RORY
Two'll do it.

M.B. puts one of the boxes down too heavily. Something shatters inside.

M.B.
Shit. Sorry.

RORY
No problem.

RORY picks up the box, and carries it inside.

6 INT. DINING ROOM DAY

JULIA is at work, emptying boxes. RORY stands in the doorway.

RORY
How're doing?

JULIA
Where'd we get all this rubbish?

RORY
Your mother.

Julia gives him a tight smile.

RORY
We're going back for another
load. That's the end of the
bric-a-brac. It's the bed next.

He puts the box down on the table.

RORY
You do want the bed don't you?

JULIA crosses to the box on the table.

JULIA
What's in here?

RORY
Watch your fingers. Something
broke -

He kisses her, then crosses back to the door.

RORY
See you later.

JULIA has started to unpack the box.

JULIA
Yep.

RORY leaves her to it.

7 EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE DAY

LEWTON has started the van. RORY heads down the path.

M.B.

(shouts over the noisy engine)

Are you coming or what?

RORY gets into the van.

RORY

Drive!

The van roars away.

8 INT DINING ROOM DAY

JULIA has all but emptied the box. Now she brings an object wrapped in newspaper from the bottom. As she lifts it, the sound of cracked glass.

She unwraps the parcel. Inside, a framed photograph of RORY and FRANK, taken several years previous. RORY is clowning around. Beside him, FRANK smiles too, but its the mysterious smile of a man with secrets. The glass is broken. JULIA picks the shards off the photograph, staring at FRANK'S handsome, brooding features.

Her face is suddenly very intense.

On the soundtrack, FRANK'S voice.

FRANK

Can I come in?

CUT TO

9 (FLASHBACK) INT. HALLWAY OF ALEXANDRA ROAD DAY

JULIA - her hair in a younger style, her clothes the same - opens the front door. It is two weeks before her marriage to RORY. On the step, suitcase at his side, FRANK.

FRANK
Can I come in?

JULIA doesn't know who he is.

FRANK
You're Julia, right?

JULIA
Yes ...

FRANK
(a dazzling smile)
I'm Frank. Rory's brother.

JULIA
Oh.

FRANK
I came back for the wedding ...
Wasn't going to miss that. (He
looks at her, eyes glittering; she
seems almost mesmerized by him.)
It is still on?

JULIA
Oh ... Oh yes.

FRANK
Lucky man.

JULIA is used to compliments. But this one wins a genuine
smile of pleasure.

JULIA
Have you come to stay?

FRANK
I thought you'd never ask.

10 INT. DINING ROOM DAY

JULIA puts down the photograph. Her face is a picture of
misery.

Off screen, somebody says: "Hello?"

11 INT. HALLWAY DAY

The front door has been left open. On the step stands KIRSTY. She is an American; twenty-six or so, intense, pretty (though she thinks not), nervous, and - as we shall see - infatuated with RORY.

KIRSTY

Hello?

12 INT. DINING ROOM DAY

JULIA puts down the picture, and goes through into the hallway.

13 INT. HALLWAY DAY

JULIA

(without warmth)

Kirsty.

KIRSTY

(a hesitant smile)

I thought you'd deserted the place already.

JULIA

Not yet.

KIRSTY

Rory said you might need some help -

JULIA does not offer any response. KIRSTY still stands on the threshold.

At last, JULIA offers a reluctant reply.

JULIA

Come in.

14 INT. DINING ROOM DAY

JULIA moves straight back to the table and covers the photograph with a piece of newspaper. KIRSTY follows her in.

KIRSTY

My goodness. Looks like you
need a hand -

JULIA

(turning on the charm)
It's very sweet of you, but -

KIRSTY

Where's Rory?

JULIA

(the charm slips)
Gone for another van-load.

KIRSTY

Well just tell me where to start.

JULIA

I don't honestly think there's
a great deal you can do at the
moment.

KIRSTY is sensitive enough to know when she's being
elbowed. But she wants to see RORY.

KIRSTY

Maybe I could make the coffee -

JULIA

(too tired to argue)
Why not?

KIRSTY

(briskly)
Good. Which way's the kitchen?

JULIA
(points)
Through there.

KIRSTY
(as she negotiates
the box-strewn room)
It's a big house.

JULIA
Yes.

15 INT. KITCHEN DAY

KIRSTY steps through into the kitchen. It too is chaotic. Cutlery, crockery, utensils, pans and foodstuffs have been heaped on to every available surface.

KIRSTY looks around for a kettle.

KIRSTY
Kettle?

JULIA
(calling through)
Try the box beside the sink.

KIRSTY digs into the box, and finds the kettle. She puts it beneath the tap. Tries the tap. No joy; it's stuck. She puts the kettle down in the sink, and tries again, with both hands. Again, no joy. Just a rattling noise in the pipes as the system lurches back into action.

16 INT. LANDING DAY

The pipes rattle and chug behind the plaster. The camera moves along the corridor, clinging to the wall. We reach the door of the Torture Room.

Inside, something sighs.

Now, the rattling in the pipes gives way to a RUSH.

17 INT. KITCHEN DAY

The water suddenly gushes from the tap, splashing off the kettle, wetting KIRSTY.

KIRSTY

Oh damn!

She reaches to turn the pressure down.

JULIA

(calling through)

What's the matter?

KIRSTY

Nothing. Nothing.

She silently curses her stupidity.

KIRSTY

Everything's fine.

She fills up the kettle and turns the tap off.

18 INT. LANDING DAY

The rushing in the pipes is abruptly silenced.

In the Torture Room, the scratching sounds are louder.

19 INT. DINING ROOM DAY

JULIA is setting a large mirror on the mantelpiece, in which she scrutinizes her face. KIRSTY appears, with brimming cups.

KIRSTY

(triumphant)

Coffee!

JULIA

Thanks.

KIRSTY sets the cups down.

KIRSTY
Couldn't find any sugar.

JULIA
There isn't any.

KIRSTY
Fine.

KIRSTY looks at JULIA with some desperation, hoping that they're going to get some conversation started. But JULIA has no interest in doing so. She starts to unwrap ornaments, and set them on the mantelpiece in front of the mirror. KIRSTY can't bear the silence.

KIRSTY
Rory said you're going to
decorate the house floor
by floor ...

No reply is forthcoming.

KIRSTY
He said you're landscaping the
garden ...

JULIA
(not turning)
He says a lot of things.

KIRSTY
(trying to keep the
tone light)
It must be a dream come true.

JULIA
(coldly ironic)
Something like that.

KIRSTY
He said -

Before she can say another word JULIA cuts her off.

JULIA
Why don't you take the grand tour?
Look around.

KIRSTY
(a little taken aback)
Oh. May I? Thanks.

She puts down her coffee, and goes to the door, catching JULIA'S reflection in the mirror. JULIA offers a faint smile.

JULIA
Help yourself.

KIRSTY exits. JULIA'S smile fades.

20 INT. STAIRCASE DAY

View from the top of the stairs, as KIRSTY starts to climb.

21 INT. LANDING DAY

The Torture Room door is ajar. It creaks a little.

22 INT. STAIRCASE DAY

KIRSTY reaches the top of the stairs. She looks along the corridor.

23 INT. DINING ROOM DAY

JULIA has suddenly lost all interest in unpacking. She stares at her reflection in the mirror. Tears are close, we realise. She only just manages to hold them back. Outside, children laugh in the street.

24 INT. LANDING DAY

KIRSTY begins to walk along the landing, peering into various rooms as she goes. We hear another creak, which we know to be the door of the Torture Room. She moves towards the door, and pushes it open.

25 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

She peers inside. There's nothing of interest. But she hears the van outside, and now, RORY'S voice.

RORY
(below)
Sweetheart!

She crosses the room to the window, and peers between the newspapers.

26 KIRSTY'S P.O.V. FROM WINDOW INTO STREET

The bed is being unloaded from the van by M.B. and LEWTON. RORY, who has stripped to his T-shirt, is carrying stuff up the path. LEWTON makes some remark, which we can't hear. They all laugh.

27 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

A view of KIRSTY, peering through the window, from high in the room. An odd, hovering point of view.

28 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

Close-up of KIRSTY's face as she watches RORY below. We can hear his laughter. Her eyes are large and liquid; her desire is perfectly apparent.

29 KIRSTY'S P.O.V. FROM WINDOW INTO STREET

RORY has deposited his burden on the step, and now stands absent-mindedly scratching his crotch. For a moment it seems as though he's going to look up.

30 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

KIRSTY steps back from the window, afraid of being spotted.

As she does so, the door slams. She stands in the middle of the room, jittery now. The camera slides back into that overview from 27; a malicious voyeur.

She crosses to the door, and tries to open it. As she does so the camera descends and moves behind her. The scratching has begun again. It gets louder as she wrestles with the door-handle. The camera glides towards her.

Suddenly, the door opens -

31 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

Relief floods KIRSTY'S face. She glances behind her as she steps onto the landing.

32 KIRSTY'S P.O.V. TORTURE ROOM DAY

The room is empty.

33 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

The camera has retreated to its former hovering position. KIRSTY closes the door.

34 INT. STAIRCASE/HALLWAY DAY

KIRSTY comes downstairs. LEWTON and M.B. are sitting on the step having a snooze. They don't notice her. She peers into the Dining Room.

35 INT. DINING ROOM DAY

RORY and JULIA are in the Dining Room. RORY is kissing JULIA.

KIRSTY hovers in the doorway for several moments, envy in her eyes, before JULIA sees her.

JULIA
There you are.

She is glad to have an excuse to break the embrace.

RORY
Hi, Kirsty -

KIRSTY
(embarrassed)
Hello.

RORY
Been inspecting the property?

KIRSTY
Yes.

RORY
Are you hungry? I thought we'd
celebrate -

KIRSTY
I ought to get back.

RORY
You sure?

KIRSTY
I've got work to finish.

RORY
Don't forget the house-warming.
Tuesday the tenth.

KIRSTY
It's in the book. I really must
go ...

KIRSTY smiles, and disappears from the door.

RORY
(calling after her)
Champagne's optional.

36 INT. HALLWAY DAY

KIRSTY leaves the house, stepping between LEWTON and M.B.

LEWTON
Leaving so soon?

M.B.
Was it something he said?

KIRSTY
No. No. I have to go ...

37 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

We hear KIRSTY'S voice from below.

KIRSTY
I'll see you at the party -

LEWTON
Aren't you going to lend us
a hand with the bed?

Laughter.

The camera approaches the crack between the newspapers, and
peers down at KIRSTY, as she disappears down the path.

Sudden blackness.

CUT TO

38 KIRSTY'S DREAM

Out of a smokey darkness, LEWTON'S voice, subtly distorted.

LEWTON

Aren't you going to lend us a hand
with the bed?

The darkness lifts. Ahead, we see the bed that was being brought into Number 55; it has now been assembled. On its bare mattress, a body, covered from head to toe with a sheet.

39 KIRSTY'S DREAM

A shot of KIRSTY, face ashen, hair plastered to her brow with sweat, approaching the bed.

40 KIRSTY'S DREAM

KIRSTY'S P.O.V. at the end of the bed. We hear sighs emanate from beneath the sheet. And then, horribly, patches of blood begin to leak through the linen. They begin at the head; eyes and mouth. Then spread down over the torso. The cloth soaks up the blood very quickly; in moments it is practically scarlet from one end to the other.

The sighs are more desperate with each passing second.

KIRSTY reaches towards the bed. Her hand grasps the edge of the sheet.

She yanks -

For the briefest of moments we see a body, wounded in a hundred places, beneath.

41 KIRSTY'S DREAM

In close up, KIRSTY screams.

42 INT. KIRSTY'S BEDROOM NIGHT

She screams herself awake. She sits up in bed.

KIRSTY

Jesus. Jesus ...

She tries to shake the image from her head. She gets up, breathing fast. She closes her eyes for an instant -

43 MEMORY OF DREAM

The same image returns, of her yanking the sheet -

44 INT. KIRSTY'S BEDROOM NIGHT

She opens her eyes to find that she has hauled her own sheet off the bed. She drops it in horror, yelping.

KIRSTY
(to herself)
Stupid ...

45 EXT. THE GARDEN OF NUMBER 55 DAY

Bright sunlight. RORY is working in the garden. He has taken one of the interior doors off its hinges, and is working on it with a chisel, removing several years' accrual of paint.

He sweats as he works, and hums tunelessly to himself.

From an upstairs window, JULIA gazes down. Her face is paler than when we last saw her. She could almost be a prisoner in the house, to judge by her forelorn expression.

46 INT. UPSTAIRS ROOM DAY

JULIA turns away from the window to get on with unpacking her clothes. The radio plays 'The Shadow of Your Smile', in a sweet rendering.

She removes her wedding dress from its box, and unwraps it from the tissue paper it was packed in. Then she lays it on the bed.

47 (FLASHBACK) INT. A ROOM IN THE ALEXANDRA ROOD HOUSE DAY

FRANK is standing, smiling at JULIA. We have entered the scene at a moment when words have faltered, and eyes have taken over as the means of communication. The music from the radio in the present day filters through, to oil the romance on its way.

At last, FRANK speaks.

FRANK
I'd like to see the wedding dress -

JULIA
It's bad luck.

FRANK
Only for the groom.

JULIA smiles.

FRANK
You're not shy are you?
I'm the best man, remember?

She stares at him.

FRANK
We both know that ...

48 INT. UPSTAIRS ROOM DAY

JULIA stares down at the dress on the bed.

FRANK'S VOICE
(from the past)
... don't we?

JULIA is angry with herself. She forsakes her unpacking and steps out into the landing.

As she does so, the Torture Room door creaks. She wanders down the landing towards it.

49 EXT. THE GARDEN DAY

RORY stops work for a moment, stretches, then goes back to his work.

50 INT. LANDING DAY

JULIA pushes the door of the Torture Room open.

51 EXT. THE GARDEN DAY

Somewhere near, a child starts bawling. RORY looks up. The chisel slips, and bites deeply into the ball of his thumb.

RORY

Fuck!

52 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

JULIA, now standing in the middle of the room, hears RORY'S yell of pain. But she is glassy-eyed with sadness and lethargy. She scarcely notices.

Then, she hears his footsteps on the stairs. He's coming. She stirs herself from her dreaminess, and starts towards the door. Too late. He's there, his right hand clamped around his left, to staunch the wound. Blood oozes between his fingers, and trickles down his arm.

JULIA

What have you done?

RORY

What does it look like?

Blood has started to drip, unnoticed by either of them onto the bare boards.

RORY

Cut myself. Badly.

He looks sick; on the verge of fainting. She stares at him without a trace of feeling.

RORY
Do something.

JULIA
Is it deep?

RORY
I don't know. I didn't look.
You know I hate the sight of blood.

JULIA
Let me see.

He offers his hands to her, looking away as she unglues one from the other, and studies the wound. The blood comes faster, hitting the floor between them.

JULIA
I think we'd better get you
to a hospital. It'll need stitches.

RORY
(queasily)
I'm going to throw up

JULIA
No you're not. We'll get you
out into the fresh air.

He is again clamping his hand over the wound. JULIA helps him out of the room. She closes the door. We hear their voices receding down the landing.

JULIA
Take it slowly -

RORY
It was so damn stupid -

JULIA
You've done worse.

RORY
I'll be scarred for life.

JULIA
I doubt it.

Their exchanges become incoherent. On the floor of the Torture Room, the blood begins to disappear, as if rapidly evaporating. Somewhere near, somebody sighs.

53 INT. DINING ROOM NIGHT

Cut to the remains of a rack of lamb, its gravy now congealed, scraps of meat adhering to the bone here and there. As we pass across a table which is a chaos of dirty plates and cutlery, napkins, glasses and numerous emptied wine bottles, an explosion of laughter.

CUT TO

The dinner party guests. LEWTON, M.B., KIRSTY, plus two faces we don't know - a bespectacled individual called NEVILLE, who is infatuated with KIRSTY, and a young woman called TERESA, who is LEWTON'S girlfriend, are sitting away from the table, with RORY. JULIA remains at the table, drinking wine. The rest have gone on to brandy.

Everybody is drunk.

The room is marginally more organised than it was, but several of the guests are still perched on upended tea-chests. Candles burn on the mantelpiece and table, lending a warmth to the atmosphere. RORY - the life and soul of the party - is telling his hospital story. His hand is substantially bandaged. Everybody is laughing, except (of course) JULIA. She's already heard this story a dozen times.

RORY

And he said ... (laughter) ...
no, wait ... what were you doing
when it happened? (more laughter)
... and I said ... screwing -
(hysteria) and he said - (further
hysteria) wait, wait ...

JULIA watches the performance, dead-pan.

RORY

... he said, 'Oh dear', and I
said: 'Don't worry, it was only
a door - '

Bad punchline, but the hysteria is unchecked.

LEWTON
Only a door!

JULIA stands up. The hysteria is dying down. KIRSTY wipes tears of laughter from her face. NEVILLE pours her another brandy.

KIRSTY
No ... No ...

NEVILLE
Come on. You're only young once.

She giggles.

JULIA
I'm going to bed.

RORY
Oh, are you babe?

M.B.
(looks at his watch)
I suppose we should be getting
along -

He stands up.

RORY
(insistent)
Sit down. It's still early.

He pours another brandy into M.B.'S glass.

JULIA looks frosty. KIRSTY catches the look.

NEVILLE
(to Julia)
It was a wonderful meal.

TERESA
Wonderful.

There's a chorus of approval. Glasses are raised. JULIA puts a smile on.

RORY
Oh she's perfect.
(to JULIA)
Aren't you?

The smile doesn't falter.

JULIA
Well, if you'll excuse me ...

RORY
We'll keep the row down.

JULIA
That's all right. Goodnight.

She exits, to a chorus of goodnights.

KIRSTY watches her go.

TERESA
(to RORY)
When do you have to have the
stitches out?

RORY
Couple of weeks yet.

LEWTON
Does it hurt much?

RORY
Only when I laugh.

More laughter,

54 INT. LANDING NIGHT

JULIA walks along the landing, while the laughter, muted by distance, wafts up from below.

There is a scratching noise. It's coming from the Torture Room. She goes to the door, opens it, and steps inside.

55 INT. TORTURE ROOM NIGHT

The sound of laughter is considerably dimmed in here. But the scratching is loud. She puts on the light. A pool of brightness in the middle of the room; but dense shadows at the walls.

The scratching seems to be rhythmical. It stops and starts; stops and starts.

She crosses to the wall, and puts her palm on it.

The light flickers. The sound of something moving across the other side of the room. The light flickers more violently. Then goes out. JULIA gasps.

The only illumination is the street light which penetrates the newspapers at the window. JULIA is breathing faster now. She's afraid.

She stands absolutely still, eyes wide in the murk.

Now she hears something emerge from the scratching; ragged, painful breathing sounds.

JULIA

Who's there?

She has her back pressed against the wall. On the far side of the room, a movement in the shadows. The wall seems to liquify for a moment, and a thing - barely recognizable as human - emerges from the plaster. It is a wretched, twisted parody of a man, made up of twisted, blistered strands of flesh and fragments of bone. It is FRANK, though we wouldn't recognize him. He is barely substantial - just a wisp of shadow. But the few signs of life he has are full of agony.

FRANK

(a painful whisper)

Julia ...

JULIA

Jesus Christ ...

FRANK

Don't look at me.

JULIA
Who are you?

FRANK
Frank.

JULIA'S face registers disbelief.

FRANK
Believe me ... Rory's blood
... brought me back.

JULIA
Back? From where?

FRANK
Nobody must know I'm here ...
Just you ... You ... help me ...

JULIA
How?

FRANK
Blood. I need blood. To make
me whole ...

From downstairs, dimly, laughter.

56 INT. DINING ROOM NIGHT

RORY has just told another gag. General drunken laughter.

KIRSTY
(stands up)

NEVILLE
Where are you going?

KIRSTY
Where do you think?

M.B.
Need any help?

Further hysteria.

KIRSTY
(as she reaches the door)
I am house-trained.

RORY
It's the last room on the right
at the end of the landing.

KIRSTY steps out into the hallway.

57 INT. HALLWAY NIGHT

KIRSTY starts up the stairs. She giggles to herself. She didn't realize how drunk she was.

58 INT. TORTURE ROOM NIGHT

JULIA watches the door, as she hears KIRSTY'S footsteps along the landing. She steps away from the wall, still watching the door.

Suddenly, FRANK is in front of her. His twisted, withered hand is at her cheek. She jumps.

FRANK
Get me blood.

59 INT. BATHROOM NIGHT

KIRSTY smiles at herself in the bathroom mirror, turns off the tap, and unlocks the door. She switches the light off and steps onto the landing.

60 INT. LANDING NIGHT

She takes two steps along the landing, then realizes there's somebody ahead of her, in the darkness.

She stops. A door creaks nearby.

KIRSTY
Hello?

JULIA
(moves towards her)

KIRSTY
Oh it's you.

JULIA doesn't smile.

KIRSTY
Are you all right?

Do we read murder in her eyes? KIRSTY is uneasy.
Suddenly, from below a voice.

NEVILLE
Kirsty?

KIRSTY'S relieved at the interruption.

KIRSTY
(calls down)
Yes ...

She hurries to the top of the stairs.

KIRSTY
(to JULIA)
Goodnight. Sleep well.

JULIA is left on the landing, to close the door of the
Torture Room, and lock it.

61 INT. BEDROOM, NIGHT

RORY snores loudly. JULIA is inside awake, staring at the
ceiling.

She lets her eyes flutter closed.

62 (FLASHBACK) INT. BEDROOM DAY

The Alexandra Road house. The wedding dress is draped
across the bed. JULIA falls back on to it.

FRANK

(off screen)

I don't want to see the dress.

JULIA

Why not?

CUT TO

FRANK, standing at the edge of the bed, taking off his jacket and shirt.

FRANK

I want you.

JULIA

What about Rory?

FRANK leans over her, and starts to unbutton her blouse.

FRANK

Forget Rory.

JULIA suddenly seems to panic at his proximity. What was a pleasant tease has turned into something altogether more serious. FRANK frightens her. She's not in control any more. He kisses her. She lets him. He tears at her blouse, impatient with the buttons -

63 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

She opens her eyes. RORY snores beside her. She closes her eyes again.

64 (FLASHBACK) INT. BEDROOM DAY

FRANK and JULIA are partially undressed, sweating, making violent love. FRANK yells as he comes. Then he rolls off her, leaving her lying on the crushed wedding dress.

A moment of recovery. Then he stands, zipping his trousers up. He looks down at her. She is avoiding his gaze. He picks up the veil and smilingly, teasingly, draws it across her bare abdomen.

FRANK
White suits you.

She takes the veil, and pulls it over her face.

65 JULIA'S P.O.V.

The veil is drawn over her eyes. The screen is white.

Now, FRANK'S voice, from the Torture Room.

FRANK
Get me blood.

Scarlet blood soaks into the white screen, like blood through bandaging. The next scene fades up through the veil of gore.

66 EXT. NUMBER 55 DAY

The weather has deteriorated. The sky is cloudy as JULIA steps out of the house. She walks down the path. At the street, she glances round.

67 EXT. WINDOW OF TORTURE ROOM DAY

We approach the window, knowing that FRANK watches from behind it.

68 INT. COCKTAIL BAR DAY

JULIA sits at the bar, drinking. It is late lunch-time; the busiest afternoon trade is over. A few couples idle over their coffee; there are some solitary drinkers. She glances around at the customers.

When she looks back a middle-aged man has appeared at the bar beside her. His name is PRUDHOE. He is dressed in a suit at least one size too small for him. He is nervous.

PRUDHOE
Drinking alone?

JULIA'S face momentarily registers panic, which she manages to overcome.

JULIA
I was.

She smiles. The smile works wonders. PRUDHOE slides in beside her.

PRUDHOE
May I?

JULIA
Help yourself.

PRUDHOE'S eyes gleam ravenously. While she looks away to compose herself his gaze scans her from head to foot.

PRUDHOE
Can I get you another drink?

JULIA
No. No thank you.

PRUDHOE
(disappointed)
Oh.

JULIA
Perhaps we could go for a coffee somewhere?

PRUDHOE
(delighted)
Yes?

JULIA
(taking the plunge)
My house maybe ...

PRUDHOE knows an invitation when he hears one. He beams.

PRUDHOE
Sure. Why not?

JULIA
It's walking distance ...

69 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

The camera approaches the darkness at the edge of the room. We hear FRANK'S ragged breathing, and move in to see the box, its lacquered sides gleaming, set on the floor. FRANK sits in the corner. His twisted hand taps a tattoo on the floor beside the box.

Then, voices outside.

The camera moves to the window, and gazes out. JULIA and PRUDHOE are coming up the path.

70 EXT. DOORSTEP DAY

JULIA opens the front door. She is very edgy, fumbling with the keys.

71 INT. HALLWAY DAY

They step into the hallway. JULIA closes the door.

JULIA
Do you want another drink, or
shall we go straight upstairs?

PRUDHOE is in a daze of delight. He just nods.

JULIA
Which?

PRUDHOE
I think maybe I've drunk enough
already.

JULIA takes off her coat, and hangs it up.

JULIA
Upstairs then.

PRUDHOE nods again. She leads the way up the stairs. He takes out a handkerchief and dabs his sweating face, then follows.

72 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

FRANK'S view from the corner of the room. We hear the sound of JULIA and PRUDHOE'S approach along the landing.

PRUDHOE
(off-screen)
I didn't think ... you know ...
you'd be interested ...

JULIA opens the door.

JULIA
(off-screen)
Why shouldn't I be?

She steps into the gloom.

JULIA
Come on in.

PRUDHOE does as he's instructed. He stares at the bare floor.

PRUDHOE
There's no ...

JULIA closes the door, on the back of which hangs a jacket.

PRUDHOE
... no bed.

JULIA
What's wrong with the floor?

PRUDHOE
(doubtful)
The floor?

JULIA moves towards him.

JULIA
Take off your jacket. You're warm.

PRUDHOE
Sure.

He does nothing, however: he's numb with excitement. She slips the knot of his tie. We can hear her pulse on the soundtrack now. She glances over PRUDHOE'S shoulder. He follows her gaze, but she diverts his attention with a peck of a kiss.

PRUDHOE
(takes over his undressing)
Why don't you do the same?

JULIA
Maybe I will.

PRUDHOE has suddenly become a blur of activity. Trying not to take his eyes off JULIA, who is teasingly unbuttoning her blouse, he undresses himself.

PRUDHOE
You're beautiful ...

JULIA
Am I?

PRUDHOE
You know you are. Loveliest woman
I ever set eyes on.

She smiles, and turns away from him to the door. She reaches into the jacket pocket. Her hands are sweaty; her pulse is fast.

PRUDHOE

Oh dear ...

JULIA

What is it?

She turns. He is standing in his underwear and socks. His flesh is waxy; his belly large.

PRUDHOE

I need a piss.

JULIA reaches back into the jacket pocket.

PRUDHOE

Too many whiskies.

He starts towards the door, as JULIA pulls a sizeable kitchen knife from the jacket. She turns. His smile falters. She moves to meet him, at some speed. The knife shines between them.

PRUDHOE

What - ?

The blade slices into his belly. As it does so, and the blood flows, the light flickers into life -

PRUDHOE

Christ!

JULIA pulls the knife out. Blood comes in spurts. She stabs him again. This time he staggers away from her, the knife stuck in his belly, blood coming and coming.

He reaches out for some support. Finds none. Falls over.

The light flickers as he collapses beneath it, twitching in a growing pool of his own blood. His breath is coarse and phlegmy.

JULIA watches his death throes, backed against the door.
Her face betrays disgust.

Then ... the twitching stops. PRUDHOE is dead.

JULIA lets out a long-held breath.

JULIA
Enough?

The room sighs. In the corner, FRANK'S shadowy form shifts.

FRANK
Don't look at me ...

JULIA opens the door, as the broken creature crawls out of
the darkness towards its sustenance.

73 INT. LANDING DAY

She gets out onto the landing, and leans against the wall,
waves of sheer relief breaking over her. Then she starts
to laugh nervously. Behind her, terrible sounds of feeding
from the Torture Room.

74 INT. BATHROOM DAY

JULIA steps into the bathroom, and puts the knife into the
sink, running water onto the bloodied blade. Then she
rinses her hands. That done, she looks at herself in the
mirror. She is blood-speckled.

Stripping off her blouse, and flinging it over the side of
the bath, she douses her face, neck and breasts with cold
water. Then she stares up at her reflection. There is a
look close to puzzlement on her face.

JULIA
I did it ...

Without bothering to dry herself she takes the knife and
leaves the bathroom.

75 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

She opens the door. As she does so, FRANK retreats into the shadows. We get a fleeting glimpse of his body, which has considerably more substance to it now.

JULIA looks at PRUDHOE'S corpse. A trail of blood leads away from it into the darkness at the edge of the room. The body itself is a husk, the muscle and fat withered, the eyes sunk into the skull, the lips drawn back to expose the gums. A ghastly sight.

JULIA
Jesus Christ.

FRANK
It was good ...

JULIA looks across at Frank. We can just make him out in the gloom. His flesh glistens and pulses. When he speaks his voice has more strength than before.

FRANK
Do I disgust you?

JULIA
No more than most.

Frank stretches out his arm. There is more flesh on the fingers.

FRANK
Look. It's making me whole,
Julia. Every drop of blood you
spill puts more flesh on my bones.

She stares.

FRANK
Touch me.

She hesitates. Then approaches him.

FRANK

Go on ...

Tentatively, she stretches out her hand touching him, fingertip to fingertip: as they touch, a noise downstairs. The front door is being opened. Then:

RORY

(from below)

Sweetheart?

JULIA'S face registers panic. She mouths the word: RORY.

RORY

(below)

Where are you?

76 INT. HALLWAY DAY

Shot from the top of the stairs as RORY stands in the hallway. He looks up the stairs.

RORY

Julia?

He takes a step towards the stairs, then thinks better of it, and moves through to the back of the house.

77 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

JULIA has wrapped the body up in its clothes, and is now lifting it. The corpse is lighter, having been drained of nourishment. its head rolls and its dentures fall out, hitting the floor loudly.

She freezes. No sound from below. She backs out of the room with her burden.

FRANK'S hand reaches for the fallen dentures, and draws them to him. Soft laughter in the darkness.

FRANK

(to himself)

Who's a pretty boy then?

78 INT. JUNK ROOM DAY

JULIA pushes the door of the junk room open. Inside, a chaos of tea chests and unused furniture. She lays the body down.

79 INT. KITCHEN DAY

RORY has come through to look for JULIA. Now he hears the thump of the body being laid on the floor above. He looks up.

RORY
(quietly)

Julia?

He moves out of the kitchen.

80 INT. HALLWAY DAY

The same shot as 76, from the top of the stairs. RORY steps into the hallway.

RORY
Are you there?

He starts up the stairs. The camera swivels round to take in JULIA, closing the junk room door and slipping into the bathroom.

81 INT. BATHROOM DAY

She closes and locks the bathroom door. She is shaking with panic.

RORY
(outside the door)
Sweetheart?

JULIA
Rory? Is that you?

RORY
Of course it's me. I've been calling you.

He tries the door. It's locked.

RORY
Are you all right?

JULIA
I'm feeling a bit sick.

RORY
Oh, babe ...

JULIA
Just leave me alone for a
little while. Please.

RORY
Can I get you anything?

JULIA
Maybe a brandy.

RORY
Sure.

JULIA
I'll be down in a minute.

RORY
O.K.

She listens as his footsteps recede down the landing and stairs. Then she finishes putting on her blouse, and puts a comb through her hair. That done, she unbolts the door, and steps on to the landing. Downstairs, the clink of glass on glass. She moves to the Torture Room.

82 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

She opens the door.

JULIA
Frank?

A crunching sound in the shadows. Frank's hand opens, dropping the pieces of PRUDHOE'S denture, which he has just crushed onto the floor.

FRANK

I feel pain, Julia ...
My nerves are beginning to
work again. And I hurt.

JULIA

What can I do about it?

FRANK

Bandage me. Help me to
bind myself together. And
get me more blood.

JULIA

More?

FRANK

I have to be complete. Then
I can be away from here,
before they come looking -

JULIA

Who?

FRANK

The Cenobites. The bastards
that did this to me -

From downstairs, RORY.

RORY

Julia? Are you all right?

She puts her head out of the door and calls down to him.

JULIA

I'll be down in a moment.
Put on some music ...

RORY

O.K.

She returns to her conversation with FRANK.

FRANK

What possessed you to marry that
dolt?

JULIA

I thought I loved him.

Music drifts up from below.

JULIA

I was wrong.

She moves back to the door. Suddenly, out of the darkness,
his hand catches hold of her arm. A blood-stopping grip.
She gasps in pain.

FRANK

Heal me. Please.

JULIA

You're hurting ...

FRANK

We belong to each other now,
for better or worse ...

He lets her go.

FRANK

... like love. Only real.

She goes to the door. Her face is once more drained of
emotion, except for an uneasy wildness in her eyes.

83 INT. DINING ROOM NIGHT

A roll of approaching thunder, and the sound of rain
pelting against the windows.

The television is on. RORY and JULIA are sitting on the
couch, RORY'S arm casually laid around JULIA'S shoulder.
She is leafing through a tabloid newspaper. He watches a
comedy programme on the television, which he is finding
irresistibly funny. Beside the couch, a collection of
emptied beer cans. He drinks from another.

JULIA pauses at a small article, headed: 'Missing Man; Wife Makes Plea.'

She reads a few lines.

The antics on the television irritate her. The thunder rolls around.

84 INT. TORTURE ROOM NIGHT

The lightning finds its way between the newspapers on the window. By it, we can just glimpse FRANK. He approaches the window, and pulls a piece of newspaper away. FRANK laughs, as lightning floods in.

85 INT. DINING ROOM NIGHT

RORY hears the sound.

RORY
What was that?

Julia looks up from the paper.

JULIA
Thunder.

RORY stands up.

RORY
No. Something else.

JULIA stands up.

JULIA
Maybe I left a window open ...

She crosses to the door.

JULIA
... I'll see.

RORY
(slightly drunk)
I can do it. I'm not
totally inept.

JULIA
I didn't say -

RORY steps out into the hallway.

86 INT. TORTURE ROOM NIGHT

FRANK still stands by the window, his disfigured features
washed by flashes of lightning.

He hears RORY on the stairs. His eyes dart towards the
door.

87 INT. LANDING NIGHT

RORY is almost at the top of the stairs. JULIA is close
behind him.

JULIA
It was nothing -

He halts at the top of the stairs. Turns to JULIA. Her
fear is obvious.

RORY
(puzzled)
What's wrong with you?

JULIA
Nothing. I just hate the
thunder ...

RORY moves along the landing. He is heading towards the
Torture Room.

JULIA
Don't -

RORY
What?

JULIA
Don't leave me -

She plucks hold of his hand. Another peal of thunder. The storm is immediately overhead.

RORY looks at JULIA, still bewildered.

RORY
I'm here.

JULIA
Hold me.

He has been successfully diverted from his investigation. He puts his arms around her.

RORY
You're shaking.

JULIA
Please. Hold me.

He kisses her, lightly. Then again. The thunder shakes the house.

RORY
I love you.

Her nervousness arouses him. She lets him kiss her face. Lets his hands move down over her body. She has her back to the wall now; he is pressed against her. She can see the door of the Torture Room. It stands slightly ajar.

JULIA
(protesting)
Please ...

RORY

Ssh ...

He is kissing her neck, and fumbling with her blouse. He takes her hand, and guides it to his groin.

RORY

Oh, babe ...

By the expression on her face, we gather that she is well resigned to this by now. She allows him to unbutton her blouse completely. All the while, the rain pelts down on the roof; the thunder rolls. She closes her eyes -

88 JULIA'S FANTASY

A momentary glimpse of what she's imagining. A bed; a wedding dress; her body gleaming.

89 INT. LANDING NIGHT

The thunder makes her open her eyes. RORY is unzipping himself. He has lifted her dress up. He kisses her over and over again. She closes her eyes as he presses into her.

90 JULIA'S FANTASY

Bloody hands appear on the bed, staining the dress. The beast, which we can't quite see, moves up into her lap. She has her eyes closed. Thunder breaks over the scene. In her dream, she opens her eyes. The beast, its face a ruin, looks up at her from between her legs.

91 INT. LANDING NIGHT

She opens her eyes, gasping in horror. RORY takes the sound to be that of pleasure. Eyes closed, he works away.

RORY

Yes! Yes! Yes!
Go on! Go on!

92 INT. LANDING NIGHT

Close up of JULIA'S face. She looks down the landing.

93 INT. LANDING NIGHT (JULIA'S P.O.V.)

FRANK has opened the door a few more inches, and stands in the gap, watching the lovers. The lightning illuminates his face; the skeletal grin leers out.

Softly, beneath the assault of the rain on the roof, we hear him laughing.

94 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

RORY snores on the bed.

The thunder has retreated. Now it's just a distant rumble.

We draw out from RORY'S sleeping face to see that the space beside him is vacated.

95 INT. LANDING NIGHT

Shot of the Torture Room door, ajar. From within, soft, incoherent voices.

96 INT. TORTURE ROOM NIGHT

FRANK stands by the window. JULIA against the wall. They talk in low voices.

JULIA

He almost found you, damn it.

FRANK

(looking out at the street)

Why should I fret about him?
He's my brother, isn't he? I
could make him understand ...

JULIA

Just you and I, you said.

FRANK turns from the window. He has the box in his hand.

FRANK

I may need him, if they
come for me ...

He lifts the box.

JULIA

What's that?

FRANK

A puzzle. A conjuring box.
I bought it in Singapore after
I left here. It cost me a
small fortune -

JULIA

Why?

FRANK

The man I bought it from told
me it was a way to invoke
powers. Forces from another
level of creation -

JULIA

The Cenobites?

FRANK

The Cenobites.

He holds the box up. Pale, barely recognizable forms move
in the shiny lacquer of its surfaces.

FRANK

I wanted pleasure, you see.
I wanted access to experiences
only they could offer -

We can see the faces of the CENOBITES moving in the
lacquer; but they are tantalizingly blurred and distorted.
JULIA looks nevertheless, trying to work out what she's
seeing.

FRANK

- the highest reaches of
sensuality. Fantasy made
flesh -

Oiled bodies move in the box now. Again, they tantalize. What are we seeing? Some elaborate coupling, maybe? Or terrible torture? Impossible to be sure.

JULIA
But they cheated you.

FRANK
Oh no. They gave me
experiences I would never
forget -

The images in the lacquer are becoming clearer, and they are appalling. Wounds and scalpels; flesh torn open, revealing pulsing organs. And flowing between these atrocities, the CENOBITES' faces, and that of FRANK, screaming and screaming -

FRANK
But their pleasure was my pain.
The heights they took me to ...

His voice trembles with remembering. He can't go on. But the images in the box continue to play; one horror after another.

When FRANK speaks again his voice is heavy with suppressed feeling.

FRANK
I gave my body to them. But
they left my spirit here, in
the boards. In the walls.
Watching the world, but never
able to touch it. God, it's been
a long twelve months. Waiting
for something to happen.
Someone to come.

JULIA
And Rory's blood let you out.

FRANK
There are ways to resurrection.
Blood's one of them ...

A distant flash of lightning.

FRANK

If I can be away before they
realize, then they'll never
find me. Never.

A grumble of thunder.

FRANK

(looks back to the
window)

Not in the whole wide world.

97 INT. KIRSTY'S HOUSE DAY

KIRSTY is sitting at her drawing board. On it, an
illustration for a book, which she is working on. Around
her, further studies: page proofs, etc.

The telephone rings.

She leaves the drawing board, and goes to the 'phone.

KIRSTY

Hello?

98 EXT. A PUBLIC TELEPHONE DAY

RORY is standing in the booth, in an Underground Station.
People to and fro.

RORY

Kirsty?

99 INT. KIRSTY'S HOUSE DAY

KIRSTY

Who is this?

RORY

(muted)

It's me.

KIRSTY

Rory?

100 EXT. PUBLIC TELEPHONE DAY

RORY

I'm calling from a public
telephone. Can you hear me?

101 INT. KIRSTY'S HOUSE DAY

KIRSTY

Yes. Fine.

RORY

(muted)

I need some help, Kirsty ...

102 EXT. PUBLIC TELEPHONE DAY

RORY

... there's something wrong
with Julia ...

KIRSTY

(muted)

You mean ill? Is she ill?

RORY

I don't know. She says she's
fine, but she's not. I know
she's not. Have you seen her
recently?

103 INT. KIRSTY'S HOUSE DAY

KIRSTY

Not since the house-warming.

104 EXT. PUBLIC TELEPHONE DAY

RORY

That's another thing. She
doesn't want to leave the
house -

105 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

FRANK stands in the shadows. JULIA has bandaged him, in several places. Blood has stained the binding already.

She stands at the door.

FRANK
It has to be tomorrow.

JULIA
All right ...

FRANK
We have to get gone, you
and I -

106 INT. KIRSTY'S HOUSE DAY

KIRSTY
Do you want me to have a
word with her? .

Idly, as she speaks, KIRSTY paints the word 'Rory' on a piece of scrap paper.

RORY
(muted)
Would you?

KIRSTY
Of course.

RORY
(muted)
For God's sake don't tell her
I've been talking with you.

KIRSTY
Trust me -

She runs her brush through the name.

107 EXT. PUBLIC TELEPHONE DAY

RORY
You're a gem, you know that?

No reply.

RORY
Kirsty?

108 INT. KIRSTY'S HOUSE DAY

KIRSTY
I'm here.

RORY
(muted)
I said: you're a gem.

KIRSTY
(quietly ironic)
So they keep telling me ...

RORY
(muted)
Speak to you soon.

The line goes dead.

KIRSTY puts down the 'phone. Sighs.

109 EXT. LODOVICO STREET DAY

A wind blows. Carried on it, the distant pealing of bells.

110 EXT. DOORSTEP OF NUMBER 55 DAY

JULIA is at the door, turning the key in the lock. Beside her, another sacrificial lamb. He is balding and nervous. His name is SYKES.

JULIA opens the door.

111 EXT. LODOVICO STREET DAY

At the corner of the street stands KIRSTY. She watches.

112 EXT. DOORSTEP DAY

A long shot of the house, from KIRSTY'S P.O.V. The man on the step seems to be having second thoughts. JULIA speaks with him. We can hear none of the exchange, but JULIA manages to coax him inside. She closes the door.

113 EXT. LODOVICO STREET DAY

KIRSTY stands, bewildered by what she's just seen. Then, hesitatingly, she approaches the house.

114 INT. HALLWAY DAY

From the top of the stairs, we watch JULIA lead SYKES upstairs.

JULIA
I get lonely sometimes ...

SYKES
Everybody does.

115 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

We see KIRSTY standing at the bottom of the path, through the gap FRANK tore in the newspaper. Then we move back to take in FRANK, who is a shadowy form in the corner of the room. His fingers drum out a rhythm. Very quietly, he hums 'Colonel Bogey' to himself. Outside, JULIA speaks. The humming stops.

JULIA

Come in ...

She opens the door, on the back of which hangs the jacket.

116 EXT. NUMBER 55 DAY

KIRSTY is still at the bottom of the path. She takes a deep breath to prepare herself for the confrontation ahead, then starts towards the door.

117 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

SYKES is looking at JULIA.

SYKES

What is this? A game?

FRANK moves. SYKES catches the motion from the corner of his eye. He turns.

SYKES

What?

JULIA reaches into the jacket pocket, and pulls out a knife. She stabs him in the back.

118 EXT. DOORSTEP DAY

KIRSTY is about to ring the bell when she hears a yell from inside. It is SYKES. She freezes.

119 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

SYKES is not dead yet. The knife is still in his back, leaving JULIA weaponless. He flails out at her. She yells and falls back against the wall.

120 EXT. DOORSTEP DAY

KIRSTY rings the bell, then steps back to survey the front of the house. There's another yell from SYKES. She decides to try and get into the house around the back. She starts down the side path.

121 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

SYKES, the knife still protruding from between his shoulder blades, makes a bid for the door.

FRANK

No!

FRANK lunges from the shadows. SYKES turns. FRANK'S terrible features, mouth wide, fill the screen. He sets his hands on SYKES.

122 EXT. BACK DOOR DAY

KIRSTY puts her shoulder against the back door, and succeeds in forcing it open. She falls inside, as another yell fills the house.

123 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

SYKES is in FRANK'S grip, having the life drained from him. Blood is coming from his eyes and ears, and spurts from between his chattering teeth. His body writhes as if an electric shock were coursing through it. His flesh is withering.

FRANK

(to JULIA)

Get the fuck out of here!

JULIA exits -

125 INT. DINING ROOM/HALLWAY DAY

KIRSTY rushes through the Dining Room, into the hall, and climbs the stairs. By the time she reaches the top, the shouts have stopped. The landing is empty; a graveyard hush.

She starts down the landing. The only sound on the track is her breath.

Suddenly, SYKES flings himself out of the Torture Room.

He is horribly changed. The flesh is hanging off his face; his eyes are wild; his cries distorted by approaching death. Seeing KIRSTY, he starts towards her.

A beat later, FRANK appears behind him, his gorged body ballooning around the restricting bandages. His bandaged head is particularly distressing; the flesh pressing out between the binding; oozing blood and pus.

He catches hold of SYKES, and embraces him from behind, driving the knife through SYKE'S body and out of his chest.

KIRSTY shrieks, and turns to run. FRANK drops the corpse.

FRANK

Wait!

She stops. The voice is familiar.

FRANK

(softly)

Kirsty. Wait a while.

She stares over her shoulder at the monster.

KIRSTY

Who are you?

FRANK

Don't you remember me?
Brother Frank.

She stares, puzzled.

FRANK
You do remember.

KIRSTY
Where's Julia?

Frank starts to walk towards her.

FRANK
Don't fret. All's well.

He is within snatching distance of her. At the last possible moment she seems to remember what danger she's in. She starts to back away. FRANK reaches for her. She tries to run, but ... too late!

FRANK has hold of her.

Her eyes are wild, as he pulls her to him, and then drags her, screaming, towards the Torture Room.

126 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

FRANK flings her down onto the bloody boards.

FRANK
I saw you, a while ago.
From the window -

She scrambles to her feet.

FRANK
I hoped you'd come again.

He reaches out, and touches her breast.

KIRSTY
Don't! Or so help me -

FRANK
(cocking his head)
What? What will you do?
What can you do?

She backs away.

KIRSTY
(close to hysteria)
Let me be ...

FRANK
Come to Daddy.

She backs away further.

FRANK
There's nothing to be frightened
of. It's me. Frank. You know me.

KIRSTY
You killed him ...
the one outside ...

FRANK
(reasonable)
A man has to eat.

She's been backed against the wall. Nowhere else to go.
FRANK closes in on her. Takes hold of her face. Strokes
it.

KIRSTY
This isn't happening.

FRANK
I used to tell myself that.
Used to try and dream the
agonies away. But you can't.
Take it from me; you can't.
They have to be endured.

He moves closer still.

In desperation, she reaches up and tears at his face. The
bandages come away; so too does much of the pulsing,
vulnerable flesh beneath. He roars, and reels back far
enough for her to slip away from him. But he's quick. She
manages to get only a couple of paces and his hand
scratches at her blouse. It tears; his fingers rake her
bare skin.

She loses her balance and falls against the opposite wall. Turning, she sees him standing a few feet from her, loops of bloody bandage hanging from his face. Roaring, he comes at her afresh.

She glances down. At her feet, the box he showed to JULIA. KIRSTY scratches it up.

As FRANK reaches for her, she delivers a blow to his head. He howls anew, and in the brief respite his agony gives her she races for the door.

He comes in raging pursuit, and delivers a blow, which misses her. The second catches her, however; as does the third. She cannot survive too many such assaults.

At the last moment, she raises the box to strike him again.

FRANK sees the box.

He stops his attack.

FRANK
Give that to me.

She dimly realizes that she has a bargaining tool.

KIRSTY
(breathless)
No.

FRANK
One last time. Then I kill
you. Give me the box.

KIRSTY
Say please.

The monster's eyes glitter.

FRANK
Please.

She throws the box. It sails past FRANK'S head, and through the window.

FRANK

NO!

He turns to see where it's gone. She races to the door, and flings it open.

FRANK

Damn you, no!

127 INT. LANDING DAY

KIRSTY propels herself out of the Torture Room.

128 INT. HALLWAY DAY

She stumbles downstairs and along the hallway, while FRANK roars his anger above her. She reaches the door, throws it open, and pitches herself into the daylight beyond.

129 EXT. NUMBER 55 DAY

As she staggers down the path, bloodied and weary, she sees the box at her feet, in a litter of broken glass. She picks it up, and continues to run.

130 EXT. LODOVICO STREET DAY

A series of shots from KIRSTY'S P.O.V., as she staggers along the street. The sound-track whines; the image threatens to be eclipsed by darkness.

People stare at her as she runs.

A child points.

Finally, the camera slows. She stands still.

A voice, off camera:

VOICE
Are you all right?

The camera swings giddily around in the direction of the speaker. A woman comes into view.

WOMAN
Do you need any help?

As she speaks, the picture fades to white.

131 KIRSTY'S DREAM (PART TWO)

The whiteness continues to fill the screen. Distant, incoherent voices are heard, and the thump of blood in the inner ear.

Then, darkness seeps into the whiteness, soaked up like the blood by the bandages in her first dream. With the darkness, fragments of FRANK'S previous dialogue.

FRANK
Come to Daddy ...

KIRSTY
This isn't happening,

FRANK
I used to try and dream the
agonies away ...

Some of the shapes made by the darkness seem to resemble recognizable forms: a face, a body ...

FRANK
... but you can't. Take
it from me.

The darkness is covering the screen.

FRANK
You can't. They have to be
endured.

Now, total darkness.

And suddenly, she wakes.

132 INT. HOSPITAL NIGHT

She is lying in a bed in a private room. A NURSE is at her bedside, monitoring her condition. The NURSE gazes down at her.

NURSE

You're awake.

She goes to the door.

NURSE

I'll get the doctor.

She exits.

KIRSTY tries to sit up. Her head hurts, badly. As she achieves a sitting position, the door opens. The NURSE returns, with a DOCTOR.

DOCTOR

(approaching the
bed)

So ... you're back with us.

KIRSTY

I think so.

DOCTOR

Hungry?

KIRSTY

Thirsty.

DOCTOR

(to NURSE)

We'll organize something:

The NURSE exits.

DOCTOR
How are you feeling?

KIRSTY
Tender.

DOCTOR
You took quite a beating.
Do you remember who from?

She looks at him. She remembers perfectly well.

KIRSTY
No. No I don't.

DOCTOR
It'll come back in time.
Meanwhile you rest.

He goes to the door. Then turns back, producing the box from his pocket.

DOCTOR
Maybe this will jog your
memory.

He lays it on the bed. She stares at it, registering nothing.

DOCTOR
We had the Devil's own job
getting it out of your grip.
Does it ring any bells?

KIRSTY
I can't say it does.

DOCTOR
The Police have looked at it.
And cleaned it up; there was
blood on it. They're checking
to see if it's yours. Do you
want it left?

KIRSTY

Why not?

He offers her a reassuring smile.

DOCTOR

Chin up. There's no serious damage. And you're safe here.

KIRSTY

Um.

He leaves the room.

KIRSTY picks up the box, tentatively. She turns it over in her hand, examining it.

133 INT. TORTURE ROOM NIGHT

FRANK sits on a chair, roughly dressed in some of PRUDHOE'S clothes. He smokes. JULIA is with him.

JULIA

They'll come looking now.
She'll tell them everything.

FRANK

Maybe.

JULIA

Don't you care?

FRANK

We can't leave, sweetheart.
Look at me. Look! Can we?

JULIA

No.

FRANK

I need a skin, Julia.

JULIA

What?

FRANK

Then we leave.

JULIA

How?

FRANK

There are ways.

134 INT. HOSPITAL NIGHT

KIRSTY is sitting up in bed, now thoroughly engrossed in the problems of the box. Her fingers speed over the surfaces, looking for some way in; testing its strength.

Suddenly, a click. One of the panels of the box is sliding out from beside its companions. The interior surfaces gleam like highly polished mother-of-pearl.

And to accompany the revelation; a twinkling tune.

She smiles.

The light beside the bed flickers, but she doesn't notice.

She starts to delve deeper into the box -

135 EXT. NUMBER 55 NIGHT

The front door closes.

RORY

(inside)

Julia?

136 INT. HALLWAY NIGHT

RORY stands in the hall. JULIA is at the bottom of the stairs.

RORY
What's wrong?

She looks pale; close to tears.

RORY
What is it?

JULIA
I've got so much to tell you ...

RORY
What are you talking about?

He starts towards her.

RORY
Explain.

JULIA
Maybe it would be easier if
I showed you ...

She turns, and starts up the stairs. RORY follows.

137 INT. HOSPITAL NIGHT

KIRSTY has opened a good deal more of the box. The tune is infinitely more complex now.

Somewhere, a bell has started to ring. Curious, she puts down the box and gets out of bed to go to the window. The bell is getting louder.

She draws back the curtain a fraction.

138 KIRSTY'S P.O.V. NIGHT

Outside, the hospital lawn. Empty.

139 INT. HOSPITAL NIGHT

The bell is very loud. She turns from the window.

The light flickers more violently. Then goes out.

Darkness.

The bell continues to ring.

And then, lit by a strange, pulsing phosphorescence that has no visible source, a figure appears across the room.

It is a CENOBITE. The condition of its flesh appalls: the face a mass of weighted hooks and deep, barely healed scars. There are pins driven into its neck and temples, and elaborate arrangements of chains and razor-edges wherever its flesh is exposed. The garments it wears recall both a butcher and a cardinal: a blood-stained chain-mail apron is set amongst silk robes.

We recognize its voice as that of the creature from the beginning of the film.

KIRSTY stares in amazement. In the shadows behind the CENOBITE, the other masked forms lurk.

KIRSTY

Where ... where did you
come from?

The CENOBITE gestures. The box is hanging in the air.

CENOBITE

The box ... is called the Lament
Configuration. It is a method of
summoning us -

KIRSTY

Who are you?

CENOBITE

Cenobites. Explorers in the
furthest regions of experience.
Demons, to some. To others, angels.

KIRSTY
Well go back where you came from -

CENOBITE
We can't. Not alone.

KIRSTY realizes the significance of this remark.

KIRSTY
I didn't mean to open the damn
thing.

CENOBITE
Nevertheless, you did. And
you're forfeit.

He takes a step towards her.

KIRSTY
I won't go with you. Damn
you, I won't.

The light comes on. The door opens. The NURSE steps into
the room.

NURSE
Did you call?

KIRSTY looks startled. The NURSE does not register the
CENOBITE'S presence.

CENOBITE
She doesn't see us; nor
hear us. We belong to you,
Kirsty. And you, to us.

KIRSTY
No.

NURSE
Please get back into bed. I'll
bring a sedative.

KIRSTY
I don't need -

The NURSE exits. The light falters, and goes out again.

CENOBITE
Time we were away ...

They approach her.

KIRSTY
Let me alone.

CENOBITE
No tears please. It's a
waste of good suffering.

KIRSTY
Wait! Wait!

CENOBITE
No time -

KIRSTY
You want somebody ... take
Frank.

CENOBITE
Who?

KIRSTY
Frank Cotton. He solved the
box too, didn't he?

CENOBITE
Perhaps.

KIRSTY
But he escaped you.

CENOBITE
Nobody escapes us.

KIRSTY
He has. I've seen him.
He's alive.

The CENOBITE nods minutely.

CENOBITE
And you're proposing what?

KIRSTY
Take him instead of me -

The CENOBITE stares at her, unblinking.

KIRSTY
Why not?

CENOBITE
If you're lying ...

One of the flanking CENOBITES opens his coat. His intestines fall out.

KIRSTY
Would I lie to you?

CENOBITE
Take us to him, then. Make him confess himself. And maybe we won't tear your soul apart!

The scene ends on a close up of the CENOBITE, roaring these words.

140 EXT. NUMBER 55 NIGHT

Lights burn in the house, upstairs and down.

141 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

JULIA takes out her wedding dress.

142 EXT. LODOVICO STREET NIGHT

KIRSTY is walking in the street. The wind is chilly. Sometimes she hears a bell in it.

She reaches the house, goes up the path to the front door, and rings the bell. After a pause, the door is opened by JULIA, who is holding her wedding veil in her hand.

JULIA
(unfazed)
Kirsty? It's very late.

KIRSTY
I have to speak to Rory.

JULIA
Rory?

KIRSTY
Where is he?

JULIA
He's not ... too well at the moment.

KIRSTY
(stepping inside)
I have to see him -

143 INT. DINING ROOM NIGHT

RORY sits in an easy chair, his upper body in gloom. From the hallway we hear the women's voices.

JULIA
(off-screen)
You look terrible.

KIRSTY
(off-screen)
I was here this afternoon.

JULIA
(off-screen)
Oh yes?

KIRSTY
(off-screen)
I saw everything.

JULIA
(off-screen)
What was there to see?

KIRSTY steps into the Dining Room, with JULIA following.

KIRSTY
Rory.

JULIA
Of course. Who did you expect?

RORY leans forward, so that his face is illuminated. He looks much the worse for wear. His flesh is raw and bruised. There is blood at his neck and hairline.

RORY
Are you all right?

KIRSTY
I am now. What happened
to you?

RORY
Julia told me everything.
It's all right now, Kirsty.

KIRSTY
No ...

RORY
I'm only sorry you were dragged
into this business.

KIRSTY
You don't understand. Frank
summoned -

RORY
Whatever Frank did was his error.
And it's finished with now ...

KIRSTY
What do you mean?

JULIA
He's dead.

KIRSTY
No.

RORY
We destroyed him ...
put him out of his misery.

KIRSTY stares at RORY, while in her head she hears the
CENOBITE'S voice.

CENOBITE
Take us to him ... and maybe
we won't tear your soul apart ...

RORY
I'll go the police, when I'm
feeling stronger. Try to find
some way to explain.

KIRSTY
I don't believe it.

RORY
Take her upstairs, Julia.
Show her.

KIRSTY turns away from RORY. JULIA leads her out in the
hallway.

CUT TO

RORY, sitting in the easy chair. His fingers drum a
familiar tatoo on the arm of the chair. Beneath his
breath, he hums 'Colonel Bogey'.

144 INT. HALLWAY NIGHT

JULIA stands at the door of the Torture Room. She pushes it open. Lying on the floor in the middle of the room is a skinned body, in a tangle of torn bandages. There is blood everywhere. KIRSTY is disgusted. She steps away from the door.

KIRSTY

Oh my God.

She starts away from the door, down the landing.

The bell has begun to ring again.

There is the sound of wings in the air. Hundreds of invisible birds beating at the walls.

JULIA

Where are you going?

KIRSTY says nothing. Merely hurries away.

JULIA

(calling after her)

Kirsty! You leave this to us,
you understand? We'll deal
with reporting this, when the
time comes.

145 INT. HALLWAY NIGHT

KIRSTY descends the stairs. RORY steps out into the hallway as she does so. The sound of wings, and bells - and a terrible, slow thunder which underpins it all - mounts in volume. RORY takes her arm as she passes.

RORY

Do as we say, Kirsty -

KIRSTY

(to RORY)

It's too late ...

She shrugs off his arm. The thunder is increasing.

KIRSTY
... they're going to kill me.

She fumbles for the latch on the front door. RORY smiles at her, attempting to reassure her.

RORY
It's all right ...

KIRSTY
No.

RORY
(still smiling)
Really it is. (He opens his arms.) Come to Daddy.

146 INT. HALLWAY NIGHT (KIRSTY'S P.O.V.)

The roaring fills KIRSTY'S head, as she stares at RORY, his arms open wide.

RORY
Come to Daddy.

147 INT. HALLWAY NIGHT

KIRSTY
My God.

Everything is slowing down. The bells and the thunder fill the soundtrack. RORY still smiles, believing that his reassurance has succeeded. KIRSTY moves back towards him. Tears have begun to fill her eyes.

She reaches for him. His smile begins to decay as he realizes her objective. Her nails rake his cheek. The flesh puckers and tears along the brow. Blood comes. The mask slips a little, then tears. FRANK'S black and twisted flesh comes into view.

JULIA

Frank!

KIRSTY screams, as FRANK lunges for her. The lights flicker; the thunder brings dust cascading from the ceiling.

KIRSTY avoids FRANK'S blow, but in so doing allows him to get between her and the front door. She's trapped. His torn face flapping, he starts towards her along the hallway. The lights continue to cavort.

She backs away, as FRANK opens his jacket and pulls a kitchen knife from inside.

Suddenly, JULIA is behind her, fingers grasping at KIRSTY'S hair. She struggles, but JULIA drags her head back, presenting her neck as a perfect target for FRANK'S blade.

But as FRANK prepares to make the fatal stab, KIRSTY finds the strength to twist her body, pulling JULIA off-balance. JULIA stumbles towards FRANK; the knife gleams between them. JULIA lets out a cry as the knife is buried to the hilt in her side.

Blood pours from her. FRANK'S eyes gleam. He lets go of the knife.

KIRSTY takes the opportunity to make her escape by the only route available to her - the stairs.

The house is creaking in every board and rafter; the lights are all swinging. Lunatics wail in the walls.

148 INT. STAIRS NIGHT

From KIRSTY'S P.O.V. we see FRANK bending over to assist JULIA, who has fallen, the knife still in her side. She is dying.

JULIA

Help me ... help me ...

FRANK'S face is close to JULIA'S. At the last moment, JULIA realizes that FRANK intends not to kiss her but to feed upon her. His hands hold her head, the way he held SYKES'. As his lips come within inches of hers, her flesh begins to wither.

JULIA
No! Frank ...no!

KIRSTY looks away, and runs up the stairs.

149 INT. LANDING NIGHT

The landing is smoky; the lights have taken on a yellowish tinge. The air is full of moans. KIRSTY starts along the passage.

150 INT. HALLWAY NIGHT

FRANK, his eyes burning with stolen life, lets JULIA'S head drop. He's had enough.

Now he wants KIRSTY.

He starts towards the stairs, blood dripping from his hands.

151 INT. LANDING NIGHT

KIRSTY is cornered. She can't go forward, she can't go back. From the stairs behind her, FRANK'S voice.

FRANK
Come to Daddy ...

Ahead lies the Junk Room. She heads for it, as FRANK'S shadow is thrown up the stairwell.

She fumbles with the key, and manages to open the door. She slips through, closing the door behind her.

152 INT. JUNK ROOM NIGHT

Blue moonlight falls through, illuminating the chaos of furniture and boxes. She crosses to the window, and tries to get it open. It won't budge.

KIRSTY
(under her breath)
Shit. Shit. Shit.

She looks around for a lever, searching amongst the debris.

153 INT. HALLWAY NIGHT

FRANK'S looming figure advances through the drifting smoke.

FRANK
Where are you?

154 INT. JUNK ROOM NIGHT

KIRSTY is looking at the door as she lifts a cloth off one of the boxes. Now she looks down.

Staring up out of the box is PRUDHOE, his mouth and eyes open in a silent shriek.

She just manages to clamp her hand over her mouth before she screams.

The door-handle turns.

Hand still over mouth, she ducks behind an upended armchair.

The door opens.

From KIRSTY'S P.O.V. we see FRANK'S feet at the door. He shambles forward. His breath is thick. He hesitates, then turns away.

The door clicks closed.

KIRSTY waits a few moments, then breaks cover.

She stands up. As she does so, she hiccups. Loudly. She makes a face. A second hiccup follows fast upon the first.

She negotiates the Junk Room until she reaches the door. Waits there. Another hiccup. Decides to chance it. Opens the door an inch. The landing is empty. She steps outside. Closes the Junk Room door behind her.

155 INT. LANDING NIGHT

The house is suddenly still. The lights swing a little; but even that is slowing. Has FRANK gone? She advances along the landing. Another hiccup.

As she goes to cover her mouth, FRANK steps out of hiding.

FRANK

There you are!

He comes at her with the knife. She throws herself sideways -

- straight into the Torture Room.

156 INT. TORTURE ROOM NIGHT

He's after her in a flash, knife slicing the air towards her.

She steps backwards. Her heel catches RORY'S corpse. She trips, falling into a puddle of blood.

She looks at the skinned face of the corpse, its eyes wide.

KIRSTY

Rory ...

FRANK

Rory's dead. Always was.

KIRSTY

Go on. Kill me. I don't care -

FRANK

Poor baby. It's just a bit
of fun ...

KIRSTY

Bastard.

FRANK

Hush now. Everything's going
to be fine. Brother Frank's
here ...

KIRSTY

Frank

FRANK

That's right. Losing your
mind, are you baby? I'm Frank.

As he says this, the light above them suddenly becomes
blindingly bright. The bell begins to toll again. FRANK
looks puzzled.

FRANK

What's going on?

From the darkness at the edge of the room the CENOBITE'S
voice.

CENOBITE

Frank ...

KIRSTY

What took you so long?

CENOBITE

I told you. Make him confess
himself.

FRANK sees the CENOBITE. The others muster in the shadows.

FRANK

(to KIRSTY)

You bitch. You cheating
bitch ... you set me up!

We begin to see the figures in the shadows more clearly. They carry chains, with hooks on the end of them. Many hooks; all gleaming.

CENOBITE
(to KIRSTY)
Get out of here.

KIRSTY gets up and crosses to the door. FRANK watches her every step. As KIRSTY'S hand settles on the door-handle she hears FRANK'S roar behind her. She turns. He is advancing towards her, knife in hand. But before he can get within striking distance, the air is full of whining sounds, and his progress is arrested.

They have their hooks in him, we now see. In his arms and legs, in his back and sides; in his scalp and neck and temples. They plough up his flesh as he resists their hooks. He wants to get to KIRSTY. But the CENOBITES start to haul on their chains. He flings back his head, yelling. The knife drops from his hand.

CENOBITE
(to KIRSTY)
Out!

She turns to open the door, as the CENOBITES haul FRANK towards the centre of the room.

FRANK
Bitch!

The house is growling from basement to eaves now. KIRSTY steps out onto the landing.

157 INT. LANDING NIGHT

Behind her, FRANK howls.

She looks back.

They have him in extremis, his body spread-eagled; hooks in him in a hundred places, pulling at his flesh. He fights like a hounded animal, snarling and roaring. They pull the chains tighter.

FRANK
No! No! Not again!

158 INT. TORTURE ROOM NIGHT

A close up of FRANK'S FACE. He suddenly stops fighting. He looks up at KIRSTY and flicks his tongue between his bloodied lips.

Then, he comes apart -

159 INT. LANDING NIGHT

The door slams as FRANK'S body is torn apart in a welter of blood and flesh fragments.

Something heavy hits the door.

KIRSTY turns, and runs.

160 INT. HALLWAY NIGHT

She reaches the top of the stairs, and starts to stagger down. JULIA'S body has gone. A trail of blood leads from the place where she collapsed into the Dining Room.

JULIA
(off-screen)
Kirsty ...

It's a lost voice. An eerie, ghostly voice.

KIRSTY moves towards the door of the Dining Room. She steps inside.

161 INT. DINING ROOM NIGHT

The Dining Room is chaos. An ante-chamber of hell. Ash on the floor, partially covering bodies. Moans in the walls. An ill wind blowing. In the middle of this wasteland, a veiled bride sits on a chair.

KIRSTY

Julia?

JULIA'S VOICE

Help me ...

KIRSTY takes a step towards the bride. Then she realizes that JULIA'S head is in the bride's lap; the lace is glossy with blood.

JULIA

Kirsty ...

KIRSTY stares, horrified.

The bride's veil slowly begins to rise of its own accord, defying gravity. Beneath it, a face of appalling malignity. Its eyes burn bright; and brighter. Light pours from its open mouth.

In its lap, JULIA screams.

KIRSTY backs away, and flings herself into the hallway.

162 INT. HALLWAY NIGHT

She runs to the front door. The screaming goes on behind her.

163 INT. DINING ROOM NIGHT

The bride stands up. JULIA'S head rolls across the floor -

164 EXT. DOORSTEP NIGHT

KIRSTY opens the door, and crosses the threshold, slams the door behind her. As it slams, the din from within ceases, utterly. She stumbles away down the path.

Somewhere in the night a dog barks. A police-siren rises and falls, fading away.

165 EXT. THE CORNER OF LODOVICO STREET NIGHT

She gets to the corner. Looks back. The lights in Number 55 flicker out. She turns away. As she does so, a dark figure appears from the darkness, and collides with her.

She jumps.

The figure hurries away into the night.

She glances down.

In her hands, the box.

She looks up.

The figure is standing a good distance from her. Its eyes blaze in the darkness. Then it's gone.

She looks down at the box, turning it over and over in her hand. There are terrible images moving in the lacquer. Screaming faces. Bodies writhing. The CENOBITES are there too.

She looks, transfixed. As she turns it over, she finds one of the panels is not quite closed. Light pours up onto her face. From within, shrieks, bells, music.

Her features are momentarily distorted, as if sucked towards the box.

Between the screams, FRANK'S voice.

FRANK
Come to Daddy!

She fights the will of the box, which is close to dragging her into its clutches. She succeeds in slamming the panel shut. The distortions cease. So does the din.

KIRSTY
(quietly)
Not tonight.

She pockets the box. A slight smile crosses her face.

As she heads off into the darkness, a bell rings somewhere in the night ...

The credits roll.